

THE CASTAWAYS OF THE FLAC

CHAPTER I

THE CASTAWAYS

NIGHT—a pitch-dark night! It was
impossible to distinguish sky from
sea;
From the sky, laden with clouds low and
heavy, deformed and tattered,
lightning flashes
every now and then, followed by
muffled rolls <
thunder. At these flashes the horizon
lit up for
moment and showed deserted and
melancholy*
No wave broke in foam upon the
surface of the
sea. There was nothing but the
regular an*
monotonous rolling of the swell and the
gleam c
ripples under the lightning flashes, Not
a breath
moved across the vast plain of ocean,
not evei
the hot breath of the storms- But
electricity s<
charged the atmosphere that it
escaped in phos
phorescent light, and ran up and down
the rigging
of the boat in tongues of Saint Elmo's
fire. Although
the sun had set four or five hours ago,
the sweltering
heat of the day had not passed-

Two men talked in low tones, in the
stem of a
ship's boat that was decked in to the
foot oi